

Journal

November 14, 2018
Post 36, 1

Journal

November 15 1964
-52° 50' S

rendered successfully left right with the friend currently on the boat, waiting to make contact. left right around 2000 and arrived around 2230 or so but as we went North along the eastern shore, we saw boat lights in distance along the North shore and turned around. Headed south along the eastern shore and evaded them went along the southern shore and then up along the western shore. All along the way, our boat was highlighted by bioluminescent plankton - and as fish jumped nearby, we could see them like dancing mermaids and God Himself was watching us from the coast guard and many patrols. At 0430, we entered the Cove on the western shore and as the sun began to light the area above the island, me and two of the guys jumped in the shallows and brought my two Pelicans the kayak onto the ^{northern} point of the cove got a sharp cut & already got a slight scratch on my right leg.

Now we see a Sentinel island house



and are waiting for moon to come out. We also saw three large fish on the eastern shore last night.

Sol: Rio Grande
— John O.

around 0830, I tried initiating contact after we were done
to meet us after we waved our arms and a cloth. I went
back to the cached kayak and built it up, then rowed
to the boat and got two large fish - about 15/16
per fish (one barracuda and one half a GT/tuna). I
then sat on top of the kayak and began rowing to the
house we had seen about a half-mile or so away, on
the top of dead coral in 4 ft of water.
(I was about 400 yds out, I heard waves looking
and chattering.)

Then I spotted two dugout canoes with outriggers. I
rowed past ~~the~~ one then saw movement on the
shore. Two ARMED sentinels came rushing out yelling
at me - they had two arrows each, unstrung, until
they got closer. I yelled (My name) Then I have
to come to you. Jesus loves you. Jesus Christ gave me authority
I regret I said fish!

Strikingly ~~arm~~ in their bows. I picked up the half
GT/tuna fish and threw it toward them. They
kept coming. Then I slid the baracuda off and
it started to sink but my kayak was directed
toward the fast & was almost in arrow range.
I backpaddled facing them and then when
they got the fish, I turned and paddled like
I never have in my life, back to the boat.
I felt some fear but mainly was disappointed they didn't
accept me right away. I can now say I've
been nearly shot by the sentinel but I've walked a
sandbar with gear on their boat (that's not your Bobcat
will do that). Now I'm resting in the boat and
rocks (I'd picked one and made a
SDG - 7.6m chain

Journal *blue waters*
(about) rainbow over the island!

November 15, 2013
1350

North Sentinel Island
Southwest cove

Well, I've been shot by a kid probably about ten or so years old, maybe a teenager, short compared to those who looked like adults. Let me first back up: After that initial contact, some of the guys in my boat fishing and caught what they call "cutt-a-lin" that looks like a grouper or sea bream with 6.5 l.p.d - they caught two and each weighed about 30 lbs - so after a meal of fish and rice, I swam back to the encashed kayak (the first 203 pop in the water (we're about a mile & 3/4 miles from the sentinel house, so I wasn't worried they'd see but more concerned that it I went on shore they'd see or find it) and left a few gifts

Pelican (as that held ~~many~~ ^{many} pencils, my initial contact report, hit (for other wounds) such as hemostat/curiclot, abdominal pads, chest seal, and dental forceps for nerve removal, plus it contained my picture cards, and multivitamins and multitools (including the one my brother gave as a grooming gift that has my name engraved on it, - and unfortunately it also contained my passport! I'll say why ~~it was~~ it was unfortunate in a moment) inside my kayak; plus I had my waterproof Bible (thanks Bardin and Marca Publishing) and some gifts: scissors, tweezers, safety pins, fishing line and hooks, cordage, and rubber ~~that~~ tubing, and my new glasses too. I set off toward the north shore of the cove toward where I had seen a dilapidated structure and two destroyed dugouts via binoculars.

Then why was it destroyed? Perhaps a death? Then seeing no one from the water, I rolled my kayak through the shallows off the beach, I rolled my kayak didn't see anyone. I found some gifts to the fish

The islanders saw that and blocked my
exit. One blocked (unarmed) while others (armed)
brought me a bow and arrow. I lay along the coast.
Figured that I could come down the middle and I
got to them starting in Geneva and disembarked
my kayak to shore then that I too have two
legs. I was inches from the unarmed guy
(well built with a red face one fly on his right
cheek, and yellowish pigment on circles on
cheeks, and about 5 ft. 5") and gave him
a bunch of the stuff and gifts as they
got gathered together - so basically I gave
them all the gift-type items (except for some
spare) in my cached gear) and then they
took the kayak... and the little red
shot me with an arrow - directly into
my Bible which I was holding ~~out~~
of my chest. I grabbed the arrow in front
it broke in my Bible (on 1973, Isaiah
63:5 - 65:2) and
but very sharp. I stumbled back and I
recall yelling at the red to shoot me -
more as I took back at it, my Bible case being
little bark - like treebark, so maybe he was
just being curious but either it just gave me a
fright. They left me alone as I half naked half
swam through the water back to the deep ~~water~~
~~water~~ ~~water~~ ~~water~~ ~~water~~ ~~water~~ ~~water~~
swim almost a mile back to the boat at one
mouth of the river... as I got closer I thought
a rock was the boat and then saw the boat
full with figures with their arms up waving and I

thought briefly that ~~the~~ ^{another} group of
Semirecte had attacked the boat while they were
watching me but thank God that wasn't the case.
Although I now have no kayak, or my small
polar bear and its contents, I'm grateful that I
still have the written word of God.

The plan now is to rest and sleep on the
boat and in the morning to drop me off by
the cache and then it ~~walk~~ along the beach
toward the same hut ~~the~~ been given gifts to.
It's weird - actually no, it's natural -
I'm scared.

Well, I said it. Also ~~frustrated~~ ^{and} uncertain -
is it worth me going on foot to meet them?
Now they have attacked me to be gifts -
~~unfortunately~~ JP won't go with me and only
stays on the river. The largest gap is
tough too as it's hard to get good
input - ~~word~~ ^{but} you will be alone. If
you want ~~me~~ to get actually shot or
even ~~killed~~ with an arrow, then so be
it. I think I could be more useful
alive though, but to you, dad, I give all the
credit of whether happens. ~~I~~ ^{I DON'T WANT TO}
die! Would it be wiser to leave and let someone
else continue? No. I don't think so - I'm stuck here
anyway without a passport and many been off the grid. I still
~~can~~ (and make it back to the US somehow as it
almost seems like certain death to stay here - yet
there is evidence of change in just two ~~so~~ ^{so} encampments
in a single day. Will try again tomorrow.
I'm sending these pages to ^{A to take a picture of all}
girl to Betsy and A.N.

Observations:

- # of people in ~~even~~ ^{seen} ^{more} ^{recent} ⁱⁿ ^{last} ¹⁰ ^{including} ^{inventor} ^{set} ^{next} ^{advertisements} ^{250.}
- Language: lots of higher pitched words with [b][p], [t] and [s] heard. couldn't quite ^{but} ^{not} ^{my} ^{words} ^{Inter} ^{have} ^{probably} ^{exchanged} ^a ^{lot}. ^{Arms} ^{seem} ^{to} ^{understand} ^{Japanese} ^{words} ^I ^{said}.
- Gestures: ~~Arms~~ in the air = warning, angry. Pointing with ^{hand} ^{Arrows} in bow = ready to shoot you.

Environment

- ~~Beach~~: beautiful coral, mostly dead coral but ^{clear} ~~dead~~ ^{dead} coral bottom. Sand is white but coarse. There's an amazing surf break at the south part of the entrance to the cove - See 3 perfect sets of 4-6 feet high swells coming the way 200yds or so.
- Ripped ~~holes~~ and dugouts points to a cultural practice. It could also be from poachers as I have seen numerous rocky coral that juts out of the sea having lines ^{thick} wrapped around them.
- If they see something they like, they'll take it (^{is} ~~force~~ if necessary). I wonder how many other folks have given them something. And if they feel like it is expected or due them?

watching the sunset at it's beatiful - crying ^{2 of}
... wondering if it'll be the last sunset I see before
being in the place where the sun never sets. thinking
up a little.

God, I don't want to die. Who will take my
place if I do? OH God I miss my parents,
my mom and my dad and Brian and Marlys and Norah
and Jeremy and Jim and Terri and Seth and Dotty
(even though he was just here!) and Christian and
someone I can talk to and be understood. None
of the guys on the boat know much English
and I don't know much Hindi or it to ask them
opinions and to tell stuff like this to.

I've never ~~left~~ ~~had~~ much grief or
sorrow before. WHY! Why did a little
kid have to shoot me today? His high
pitched voice still lingers in my head, father,
forgive him and any of the people on
the boat who try to kill me, and especially
forgive them if they succeed. What made
them become this desolate and hostile?
Legends passed down through millennia of their
exile from a slave ship? Why does this
beautiful place have to have so much death
here? Last night I had what I'd call
a vision as I've never had one before - my eyes
were shut but I wasn't asleep and I saw
a purple ~~tree~~ vine or an ~~plant~~-like vine
as a ~~metaphor~~ melanite or star fell to it

and it was a frightening city with
ragged spires and I felt distressed.
Then a different light, a whitish
light filled it and ~~the~~ all the
frightful bits melted away. Lord if
this Island Sodas last stayhold where
none have heard ~~or~~ even heard a clover
to hear your Name?

Lord strengthen me & I need your strength
and protection and guidance and all that
~~you~~ you give and are. Whoever caused a fit
me to take my place, whether it's after
tonight or another time, please give them
a double amount of ~~the~~ your might.

The plan for tomorrow ~~is to~~ drop me at the
cache and then the boat will lead for the
day, returning at night - I'm at peace with
that plan because A) Pick V from South Africa
will send the map the Jaeger didn't
have him was that he got dropped with
the fishermen and B) if it goes badly on foot
death won't have to bear witness to my

Alternative is to either wait another time and
stay in the Port Blair without any documents and
not (why are we so afraid of death?) or get arrested
If I leave I believe I'll have failed the mission.

now that I remember it, after I got
shot by that arm and it was in my B.B.G.,
I gave it BACK! Man, I should have
Snapped it.

perfect LOVE casts out fear. (1JN 4:18)
fill me with Your perfect love for these
people!

11/16/18
0620

Woke up after a fairly restful sleep,
heading to school now. I wrote
these during my last notes but
if it's OK, to God be the
glory.

One thought occurred to me last
night: Only young adults were seen,
~~age~~ and kids, but no elderly -
are they separated and must stay
on the shore? Are the elderly in
the jungle?

I'm heading back to the hut
I've been to. Pray it goes well.
-Joe Chas.

Alex - I'm so grateful to you and
to your simple obedience to God, and
how you've served the mission with
your very best. I think I might do -
tomorrow even (see previous entry to see
why) and I wish I could have had
more time to express my thanks to
you. I'm proud of you Bro and
I say that you will never lose
anything in this world more than
you love Christ. Stay strong, keep the
good faith, and may your life be
constantly filled with His grace
and peace and may I'll see you
again too - and remember, the first
one to heaven, will.

March 16th and
to God alone be the
Glory.

P.S. Please send all pages of the journal
entries to Bobby and tell him to forward to
the correct update to All Nations:

"I got shot by an arrow yesterday that was stopped
by my ribs, but this particular (metal) tip had gone well
until today - and it was an adolescent (pre-pubescent)
that had shot me. They again removed (11/16/8)."

Brian and Marly and mom and Dad,

You guys might think I'm crazy
in all this but I think it's worth
it to declare Jesus to these people.
Please do not be angry at them or at
God if I get killed - rather please live
your lives in obedience to whatever He
has called you to and I'll see you again
when you pass through the veil. Don't straining but
This is not a pointless thing - the eternal
Kingdom of this tribe is at hand and I
can't wait to see them around the
throne of God worshipping in their own
language as Revelation 7:9-10 states.

I love you all and I
pray none of you love
anything in this world
more than Jesus Christ.

Soli Deo Gloria,

John Chan

MC

11/16/18 0620

written from the cave on the
southwest-ish (near the west)
of ~~the~~ North Sentinel Island.